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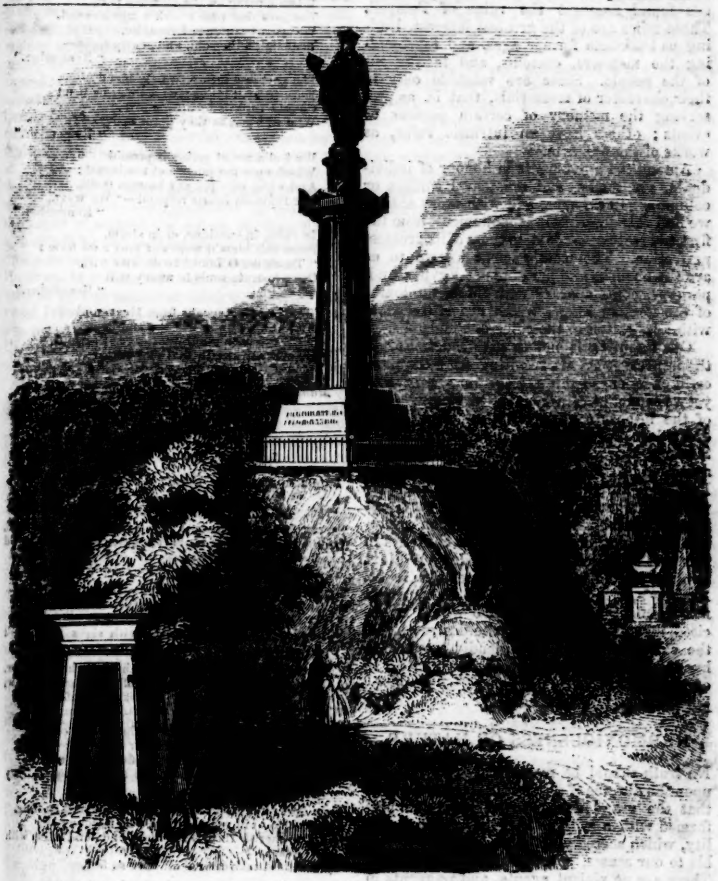

JOHN KNOX'S MONUMENT.

THE Rev. Dr. Macgill was the prime mover of this worthy tribute, to one of the greatest men Scotland ever produced — the mighty Reformer, JOHN KNOX.

It forms a very attractive object in the Necropolis, at Glasgow, which for beauty and effect has perhaps no equal in the kingdom. It was erected by public subscription, 1825, from a design by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of Edinburgh: the statue being the production of Mr. R. Forrest, a Lanarkshire artist: colossal in its proportions, it seems, says Chambers, like the spirit of the Reformer come back to inveigh with outstretched arm against the Cathedral, and, if possible, complete the work which he left unfinished at his death.

A monument, in its widest sense, includes

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everything by which the memory of a person, period or event, is perpetuated. Monuments of antiquity include writings, as well as the productions of the fine and useful arts; for Homer's poems are equally a monument of his time, as the Pantheon, or the domestic utensils found amongst the ruins of Pompeii. These relics are of the greatest interest, leading us back into former ages, and representing the manners, customs, and institutions of the people. Some are valuable only in their character of memorials, that is, as preserving the memory of certain persons or events; others have an intrinsic value, as works of the fine arts.

Among the monuments in honour of individuals, are tombs, and sepulchral edifices or columns. In all ages, and with every nation, we find this description of monument, from the first rude attempts of art, to those of its greatest perfection. The most ancient known to us are the obelisks and pyramids of Egypt; and, perhaps, contemporary with these, the tombs of the Persian kings, which are still beheld with admiration in the ruins of Persepolis.

Our intention is not to give a detail of all the important events resulting from the powerful exertions of this extraordinary preacher; yet we cannot refrain from taking two instances of the intense excitement which his sermons created in the minds of his hearers:—On Sunday, May 29, 1559, John Knox preached a sermon at Crail, against the system of the Romish Church; and the people being previously prepared to listen to his very just invectives, they, with more zeal than discretion, arose and demolished all the churches in this part of the country, (St. Andrew.) Next Sunday he delivered another sermon in St. Andrew's, which had the effect of causing a more violent scene. The mob which he incited, instantly commenced the destruction of the cathedral: and the splendid work of a hundred and fifty-nine years was undone in one day!

HARMONIOUSNESS OF NATURE.

No truth should be more frequently enforced upon the devotee of physical science, than this: that the grand chemistry of nature is performed with a sublime harmony and tranquility, which scarcely make the results perceptible to our senses, save from the lapse of time. There are no violent agents, and re-agents in her laboratories; no torture of analysis; no compound blow-pipes, or galvanic batteries; no open war of acids and alkalies, to carry on her mysterious and eternal series of production and re-production. All is inspired with the vital principle of vegetable production, and animal life seems to be a natural consequence. The germs of vegetation must be coeval with the particles of matter, and the vivifying rays of light alone bring them into action, and mature them.

"REMEMBER."

How oft one soothing word conveys
Ideal bliss of by-gone days,
To hearts depress'd by *hope deferr'd!*
Such potent power hath that one word—
"Remember."

When musing on the pleasing past,
The joys that time's dark wings o'ercast,
We see a beauteous form arise,
That lights the soul, and gently sighs—
"Remember."

The past and future sweetly blend
With present hopes; whilst o'er us bend
Celestial spirits breathing love,
Who whisper, as they point above,—
"Remember."

We feel a secret spring is press'd
Which ope's the portals of the breast;
And while with joy our bosoms thrill,
Our raptured hearts respond—"We WILL
"Remember."

In calm, in sunshine, or in storm,
From this bless'd word our pray'r we form;
"Teach us, O Lord! to do THY will,
Our prostrate souls in mercy still
"Remember."

'Tis thus GOD speaks from Heaven above!
And ALL we know of hope and love,
What eye hath seen, what ear hath heard,
He concentrates in that one word—
"Remember."

Mansfield. WM. HARDY, Jun.

LINES TO A FLOWER,

BROUGHT FROM THE DISTANT GRAVE OF A BELOVED BROTHER.

Sweet flower of Almaine! how late thou hast bloomed,
On the grave of the lost one, the grave where entombed
Lie the hopes of fond friends, and of joys that are fled
Ne'er on earth to revive, for they sleep with the dead.

No sweet sheltered spot was the place of thy birth,
No summer sun shone to entice thee to earth;
And when sadly and lonely I planted thee first,
With tears thou was't water'd, with sighs thou was't nurst.

Cold, cold as my heart, was the wind which then blew,
As it moaned through the boughs of the willow and yew;
All was cheerless and dreary, 'twas sad winter time,
When I left thee to rest on the banks of the Rhine.

Yet still thou hast flourished;—the Parent of all
Ne'er despises his work, be it ever so small;
The exotic so cherished, and the flower of the field,
Both receive from his hand the sweet perfume they yield.

Thou dost seem to my heart, late so sad and so lone,
As a link to unite me with him who is gone;
And I'll cherish thee, nurse thee, and tend thee with care,
My last, best memento of all once so fair.

Thou strik'st upon memory's chord, as a soug,
Which recalls former joys and pleasures, which long
Have vanished and passed, recollections which seem
Like false sun-beams of fancy, or bliss of a dream.

Oh! child of the earth! fittest emblem of man,
Whose life's a short dream, and his days but a span;
Like the voice of the dead, from the grave thou dost come,
To bid me forget not, that there is my home.

Westminster. M. E. S.

THE INSEPARABLE TORMENTOR.

I was brought up upon a rock, in a country that around seemed nothing but rock!—wastes, bleak, blank, dreary: trees stunted, herbage blasted: caverns that never knew star or sunlight, but through rare and hideous chasms of the huge stones above, and where the rude lichen alone, scattered a grim smile over minute particles of the universal desert. Amid these scenes, Nature was my educator, and in a stern and solemn guise, instilled into my heart deep but silent lessons. She taught my feet to bound, and my arm to smite: she breathed life into my passions, and shed darkness over my temper—she taught me to cling to her—and to shrink from all else—from the companionship of man, and the smile of woman—and from the ties, hopes, and socialities of humanity, as from a torture and a curse. Even in that sullen rock, I had luxuries unknown to cities, or to those who woo delight in an air of odours, and a land of roses. What were those luxuries? They had a myriad varieties and shades of enjoyment—they had but a common name. What were those luxuries? *Solitude!*

I was now eighteen—a giant in limbs and strength, and a savage in bearing and mood; and I resolved to journey into far and unpeopled lands, which if any have pierced, none have returned to describe.

I commenced my pilgrimage—I pierced the burning sands—I traversed the vast deserts—I came to the enormous woods of Africa, where never human step trod, nor human voice ever startled the intense solemnity that broods over the great solitudes. There, as beneath the heavy and dense shade I couched in the scorching noon, I heard the trampling as of an army, and the crush and fall of strong trees, and beheld, through the matted boughs, the behemoth pass on its terrible way. Seasons glided on, but I counted them not; my youth ripened into manhood; my manhood grew grey with the first frost of age, and then a vague and restless spirit fell upon me, and I said in my foolish heart, "I will look upon the countenances of my race once more!" I retraced my steps—I re-crossed the wastes—I re-entered the cities—I took again the garb of man; for I had hitherto been naked in the wilderness, and hair had grown over me as a garment. I repaired to a sea-port, and took ship for England.

In the vessel there was one man, and only one, who neither avoided my companionship, nor recoiled at my frown. He was an idle and curious being, full of the frivolities and egotisms of them who belong to towns. He was one pervading, irritating, offensive tissue of little and low thoughts. The only meanness he had not, was fear. It was impossible to awe, to silence, or to shun him. He sought me for ever; he was as a blister to me, which no force could tear away; my soul grew faint when my eyes met him. He was to my sight, a creature both fearful and despicable. I longed and yearned to strangle him when he addressed me; but the gaze of the many was upon us, and I curbed myself, and turned away, and shut my eyes in very sickness, and when I opened them again, lo! he was by my side, and his sharp quick voice grated in its prying, and asking, and tottering accents, on my loathing ear.

One night, I was roused from my sleep by the screams of men, and I hastened on deck—we had struck upon a rock. It was a ghastly but a glorious sight! Moonlight still and calm—the sea sleeping in sapphires, and in the midst of the silent and soft repose of all things, three hundrod and fifty souls were to perish from the world. I sat apart, and looked on, and aided not. A voice crept like an adder's hiss upon my ear; I turned, and saw my tormentor: my blood ran coldly through my veins, and I would have thrown him into the sea, which now came fast and fast upon us: *but the moonlight was on him, and I did not dare to kill him.* But I did not stay to perish with the herd, and I threw myself alone from the vessel, and swam towards a rock. Five minutes after I heard a crash; three hundred and fifty hearts in that minute were stilled, and I said in my *own* heart, with a deep joy, "*His* voice is with the rest, and we *have* parted. I gained the shore, and laid down to sleep.

Next morning, my eyes opened upon a land more beautiful than a Grecian's dream. The sun had just risen, and laughed over streams of silver—trees bending with purple fruits, and a sod covered with flowers, whose faintest breath was a delight; the heavens without a cloud, sent their breezes as a blessing to my cheek. I rose with a refreshed and light heart—I traversed the new home I had found—I climbed a high mountain—I saw it was a small island—it had no trace of man—and my heart swelled as I gazed around, and cried aloud in my exultation, "I shall be alone again." I descended the hill—I had not yet reached its foot, when I saw the figure of a man approaching towards me. I looked at him, and my heart misgave me. He stood nearer, and I saw that my despicable persecutor had escaped the waters, and now stood before me. He came up with his hideous grin, and his twinkling eye, and said, with his grating and harsh voice, "Ha! ha! my friend, we shall be together still." I looked at him with a grim brow, but I said not a word.

There was a great cave by the shore, and I walked down and entered it, and the man followed me. "We shall live so happily here," said he, "we will never separate!" And my lip trembled, and my hand clenched of its own accord. It was now noon, and hunger came upon me—I went forth and killed a deer, and I brought it home, and broiled part of it on a fire of fragrant wood; and the man ate, and crunched, and laughed, and I wished that the

bones had choked him; and he said when he had done, "We shall have rare cheer here!" But I still held my peace. At last, he stretched himself in a corner of the cave and slept. I looked at him, and I saw that his slumber was heavy, and I went out and rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the cavern, and took my way to the opposite part of the island—it was my turn to laugh then! I found out another cavern, and I made a bed of moss and leaves, and I wrought a table of wood, and I looked out from the mouth of the cavern, and saw the wide seas before me, and I said, "Now, I shall be alone!"

Next day I again caught a hind, and prepared it, but not being hungry I eat nothing, so went out and rambled over the island. When I re-entered my cavern at sunset, sitting by my bed and my table, was that man whom I thought I had blocked up, and thereby buried alive in the other cave. He laughed when he saw me, and laid down the bone he was gnawing.

"Ha, ha," ejaculated he, "you would have served me a rare trick, but there was a hole in the cave, which you did not know of, and I got out to seek you. It was not a difficult matter, for the island is so small." Of the kid I had prepared, he had left only the bones. "Shall this thing reap and I sow!" thought I, and my heart felt to me like iron.

At length I determined to rid myself of him, and shortly afterwards I took him perforce to the top of a tall cliff. "There," said I, "you see that stream that divides the island: you shall dwell on one side, and I on the other; but the same spot shall not hold us, nor the same feast supply."

"How may that be,"—quoth the man—"I cannot catch the deer or the kid, and I starve if you do not feed me."

"Are there not fruits for you," said I, "and birds, and fishes, which the sea throws up!"

"But I like them not," quoth the man, and laughed, "so well as the flesh of kids and deer!"

"Look then," said I, "on yonder grey stone I lay you a deer daily, but if ever you cross to come into my kingdom, so sure will I kill you."

I descended the cliff, and led him to the stream. "I cannot swim," said he; so I took him on my shoulders, and swam with him to the other side: I found him a cave, made him a bed, and left him. And I lifted up my voice with joy as I returned; "I shall be alone *now*," said I.

Two days passed, and I *was* alone. On the third I went after my prey; the noon was hot, and I wearied when I returned. I entered my cavern, and behold the man lay stretched upon my bed. "Ha, ha!" said he, "here I am, I was so lonely at home, that I have come to live with you again!"

I frowned on the man with a dark brow; I seized him in my arms; I took him into the open air; we stood together on the smooth sand, and by the great sea. "Swear," said I, "never to molest me again, and I will *not* kill you." I cannot swear," said the man, "I would sooner die than forswear the blessed human face—even though the face be my enemy's!"

At these words my rage returned: I dashed him to the ground: stamped him on the neck: he struggled and was dead.

"Now," said I, "I am alone at last." But O, *the sense of that loneliness!* the vague, vast, comfortless sense of desolation that passed into me. And I shook—shook in every limb of my giant frame; as a child that trembles in the dark I fled, I rushed into the desert, I returned to my cave—I thought I heard a noise, and as I live, at the other end of the bed, sat the man I had slain and buried. There he sat, six feet from me, and nodded to me, and looked at me with his two wan eyes, and laughed. I rushed from the cave—I threw myself down—there, opposite to me, six feet from my face, was the face of that man again! I returned to my cave, I laid down on my bed, *and the man lay down by me.* Day passed on day, and still it was the same. At board, at bed, at home and abroad, by my bedside, six feet from me, and no more, was that ghastly and dead thing.

At length my courage rose; I attempted to seize him, but I could not. I strove to push him down into the sea, but I could not. I covered my floor with a thick layer of sand, and barred the door, but a second after, on the sand that was smooth, was the print of human feet. And a sudden and fierce agony possessed me; and I said as I looked upon the beautiful land, and the still heavens, and turned to that fearful comrade, "must I *never* be alone again!"

And I saw the feet of the dead thing trace one word upon the sand; and the word was—NEVER. *Monos and Daimonos.*

GOOD FRIDAY AT JERUSALEM.

THE following description of the crucifixion, a ceremony which is performed on the evening of Good Friday, by the fathers of the Latin convent at Jerusalem, is given by Maundrell, who was present on one occasion, during his residence at Palestine:—As soon as it grew dusk, all the friars and pilgrims were convened in the chapel of the Apparition,* in order to go in a procession round the church; but, before they set out, one of the friars preached a sermon in Italian in that chapel. He began his discourse thus:—*In questa notte tenebrosa, etc.*, at which words all the candles were instantly put out, to yield a livelier image of the occasion! and so we were held by the preacher, for nearly half-an-hour, very much in the dark. The sermon being ended, every person present had a large lighted taper put into his hand, as if it were to make amends for the former darkness, and

* This chapel is a small oratory on the north side of the holy grave, adjoining to the apartment of the Latins.

the crucifixes and other utensils were disposed in order for beginning the procession. Amongst the other crucifixes, there was one of a very large size, which bore upon it the image of our Lord, as big as life. The image, crowned with thorns, and besmeared with blood, was fastened to it with great nails; and so exquisitely was it formed, that it represented in a very lively manner the lamentable spectacle of our Lord's body, as it hung upon the cross: this figure was carried all along at the head of the procession; after which, the company followed to all the sanctuaries in the church, singing their appointed hymn at every one.

The first place they visited was the pillar of flagellation, a large piece of which is kept in a little cell, just at the door of the Chapel of the Apparition. There they sang their proper hymn; and another friar entertained the company with a sermon in Spanish, touching the scourging of our Lord. From hence they proceeded in solemn order to the prison of Christ, where they pretend he was secured, whilst the soldiers made things ready for his crucifixion; here, likewise, they sung their hymn, and a third friar preached in French. From the prison they went to the altar of the division of Christ's garments; where they only sung their hymn, without adding any sermon. Having done here, they advanced to the chapel of the Derision: at which, after their hymn, they had a fourth sermon, in French. From this place they went up to Calvary, leaving their shoes at the bottom of the stairs. Here are two altars to be visited: one where our Lord is supposed to have been nailed to his cross; and another where his cross was erected. At the former of these they laid down the great crucifix upon the floor, and acted a kind of resemblance of Christ's being nailed to the cross; and after the hymn, one of the friars preached another sermon in Spanish, upon the crucifixion. From hence they removed to the adjoining altar, where the cross is supposed to have been erected, bearing the image of our Lord's body. At this altar is a hole in the natural rock, said to be the very individual one, in which the foot of our Lord's cross stood. Here they set up their cross with the bloody crucified image upon it, and leaving it in that posture, they first sung their hymn, and then the father-guardian, sitting in a chair before it, preached a passion-sermon in Italian.

At about one yard and a half distance from the hole in which the foot of the cross was fixed, is seen that memorable cleft in the rock, said to have been made by the earthquake which happened at the suffering of the God of nature; when "the rocks rent, and the very graves were opened." This cleft, as to what now appears of it, is about a span wide at its upper part, and two deep, after which it closes; but it opens again below, in another chapel, contiguous to the side of Calvary, and then runs down to an unknown depth in the earth. That this rent was made by the earthquake that happened at our Lord's passion, there is only tradition to prove; but that it is a natural and genuine breach, and not counterfeited by any art, the sense and reason of every one that sees it may convince him; for the sides of it fit like two tallies to each other, and yet it runs in such intricate windings as could not well be counterfeited by art, nor arrived at by any instruments.

The ceremony of the passion being over, and the guardian's sermon ended, two friars, personating, the one, Joseph of Arimathæa, and the other, Nicodemus, approached the cross, and with a most solemn, concerned air, both of aspect and behaviour, drew out the great nails, and took down the feigned body from the cross. It was an effigy so contrived that its limbs were soft and flexible, as if it had been real flesh; and nothing could be more surprising than to see the two pretended mourners bend down the arms, which were before extended, and dispose them upon the trunk, in such a manner as is usual in corpses. The body, being taken down from the cross, was received in a fair large winding sheet, and carried down from Calvary; the whole company attending, as before, to the stone of unction. This is taken for the very place where the precious body of our Lord was anointed and prepared for the burial. Here they laid down their imaginary corpse; and, casting over it several sweet powders and spices, wrapt it up in the winding sheet; while this was doing, they sung their proper hymn, and afterwards, one of the friars preached, in Arabic, a funeral sermon. These obsequies being finished, they carried off their fancied corpse, and laid it in the sepulchre, shutting up the door until Easter morning.

W. G. C.

The Public Journals.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. NO. CXXX. March 1840. [Murray.]

[This, of all the Magazines, is that to which we affix the highest attachment. It is to us, like a Queen Esther among the periodicals, unto whom, in Ahasueritic fashion, we extend the sceptre of our acknowledgment for its intrinsic goodness. Standing on elevated ground, apart from the frivolous and nauseating letters of the day, it contains all the solid qualifications of good writing, and sound reason. At present, the reader will be gratified with a comprehensive reviewal of the period chosen by Mr. Hallam in his history: being an extract on the *Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.*]

Of the literary history of a period, so long, so prolific, and so various, we cannot but yield to the temptation of inquiring, whether we can trace any primary and simple laws of the intellectual development of man; whether there are any conditions of our religious, political, or social being, peculiarly favourable, or

strikingly adverse, to letters in general, or to any particular branch of letters; under what circumstances the imagination pours forth her richest treasures, or severe reason unfolds the mysteries of the external world, and of the human mind; where poetry is best quickened into life, or oratory endowed with the power of agitating the soul; where history registers, in undying language, the acts of men, and the events of the world; where political science sheds its brightest light on human affairs, or philosophy either stoops to our practical duties, or soars to the first principles of things; or even where religion, or religious literature, exalts and purifies the heart, while it disdains not the alliance of man's highest reason. In a word, is there any uniformity or regularity in the progress of mental improvement?—or do great intellects break out casually, and, if we may so say, accidentally triumph, by the force of genius and intellectual energy, over all impediments and difficulties, and force an unprepared and uncongenial age to their acceptance, and to admiration?

At first sight, on these points, all is perplexity, confusion, and contradiction. Dante is born amid the fierce conflicts and the civil animosities of the free Italian republics; Ariosto and Tasso flourish at the courts of petty princes, or under the magnificent despotism of the Papacy, during that glorious age of art and letters. The Reformation appears either to exhaust or to blast the intellect of Germany to barrenness, or at least to extinguish her vernacular literature—(from Luther's Bible to Lessing and Herder, there is little more than a dull blank),—while it seems to summon into life, our Elizabethan poets and philosophers—our Spensers, Shakspeares, Hookers, Bacons. The revival of Roman Catholicism is almost contemporaneous, and no doubt, part of the inspiration of the splendid, though brief period of Spanish literature, the age of Lopez, Cervantes, and Calderon; it produced its vivifying effects on Italy; but southern Germany remained lifeless and unawakened. Free institutions have in general fostered the noblest products of the mind: but for her more perfect prose, and her best poetry, France must yet look back to the gorgeous days of the court of Louis XIV., to Bossuet, Pascal, Corneille, and Racine. While the literature of some countries springs up at once to full height and stature—a Minerva from the head of Jove—in others it is slowly and progressively matured; while in some lands it seems to exhaust all its creative energies in one brilliant summer; in others it has a succession of productive seasons, and its prolific power seems to increase with the richness of its produce. One language seems destined to succeed in one branch of intellectual study: its poetical style, for instance, is perfect—while it never, or rarely, attains to eloquent or harmonious prose: in another, the higher poetry seems to want congenial words to express its thoughts. Here letters, arts, and philosophy seem to prosper from the concentration, as it were, of the nation in one large capital; there by its diffusion among a number of smaller and rival cities.

All this is unquestionable; and it may be safely assumed, that no age, no combination of political or social circumstances, no particular state of the human mind, will, of itself, call forth a great poet or a great philosopher. True genius springs up we know not from what quarter, what station, what parentage; it is heaven's lightning, which shines from the east to the west, yet no one knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth. In Tasso, it may be considered (but how rare is this) in some degree an hereditary appanage. Tasso may be considered as cradled in poetry, by the example of his father Bernardo, who, however, did not much encourage the child, that was so completely to eclipse his own name. It suddenly breaks out in one of a parcel of deer-stealing youths, of undistinguished name and parentage, in a rural county in England: it seizes on Burns at his plough. Philosophy emerges from the cell of a monk—descends from the woolsack of Great Britain—visits with its subtlest, if not its soundest, spirit of inquiry, the humble dwelling of a Jew of Amsterdam—or works itself into fame and usefulness, from the cottage of a poor artisan. Yet it is remarkable how admirably timed almost every great writer appears to be; the man is born who is wanted for his age; in general, exactly the circumstances congenial to his peculiar genius conspire to develop his powers. Had Shakspeare been born, before the stage had taken its form under Elizabeth, what would he have been? If Roger Bacon, or even the Marquis of Worcester, had been reserved for a later period, might they not have contributed most effectually and usefully to the advancement of science—have vied with the Newtons, Cuviers, or Watts?

There can be no doubt that there are many premature births in the mental world; and Gray is not far wrong when he thinks that many mute inglorious Miltons may have been buried in village obscurity. Nature, no doubt, in her boundless and untraceable prodigality, allows much of her noblest creation—the inventive and intelligent mind of man—to run to waste. The whole analogy of created things indicates this. The most powerful intellect, just as it arrives at maturity, sinks into the grave; and the baffled hopes of those who have watched the precocious promise of genius and wisdom, are surely not always fond illusions. But it should seem, on the other hand, that, if we may so speak, there is always a vast floating capital of invention and intellect, which only requires to be directed into the proper channels to multiply a hundred-fold. Great occasions seem always to call forth great minds; and that great mind, which is best adapted to the necessities and to the character of the age, springs at once to the first rank. Wherever any important question has

arisen, some bold intellect has arisen to grapple with it; and it is this happy coincidence between the character and powers of the commanding mind, and the intellectual or social necessities of the time, which brings to maturity all the noblest and sempiternal works of human genius. Here and there some solitary individual may be discovered,

"Whose soul is like a star, and dwells apart,'

who is far in advance—an unintelligible mystery to his own times, but whose prophetic oracles are read with wonder and reverence by late posterity. But these exceptions prove, rather than call in question, the general law; and the fact, that they were perfectly obscure to their own generation, and are read not without difficulty, as is almost always the case, by later ages, shows that there has been still something wanting to their full and perfect development.

Nothing, perhaps, (excepting, of course, the invention of printing) has so powerfully contributed to the richness of modern literature, as the infinite variety, the constant vicissitudes, in the political and social state of the different nations of Europe. In the literature of each land, as in a mirror, we behold these perpetual changes—the intervals of excitement and repose—of restless activity, and torpid stagnation—of vigorous exertion, and the lassitude of exhaustion—the succession of more imaginative or more severely-reasoning periods. As one nation, or one language, after maintaining the lead for a short time, drops behind in the glorious race, another starts to the front, sometimes springs far a-head of its wondering contemporaries, or, severely pressed by the emulation of others, hardly keeps its ground.

In general, we think it may be assumed, not indeed as an universal law, but as the usual course of things, that it is *after* the first violent impulse produced by the introduction of a new tone of opinion and sentiment; *after* a period of agitation and excitement, from a sudden or gradual change in the political or social state of the country, that the individual arises, who, in poetry or prose, in imaginative excellence or in philosophy, becomes the organ and the representative of the new state of things. There is a scattering of the clouds, a stirring of the stagnant waters, a manifest yearning after something undefined; many unsuccessful efforts to satisfy the cravings of the human mind; failures which show the way to success—imperfect outlines and rude designs—the pangs and throes of a great but yet immature birth. At length, the individual appears who comprehends, at once, his own power and the character of his times, or, at least, intuitively feels himself in harmony with the demands of the stirring, and yet dissatisfied age; and in one great work, or series of works, concentrates the invention, the knowledge, the poetry, sometimes not of one nation alone, but of the republic of letters. He feels his divine mission, and his mission is acknowledged.

The Naturalist.

THE YOUNG OF THE SALMON; OR, THE SAMLET OF THE RIVERS.*

An opinion prevails in the neighbourhood of the Wye, that the samlets are peculiar to that river, and one or two others; but they may be really taken in nearly thirty different rivers in England and Wales, where they are known under the several local names of lasprings, gravel-lasprings, salmon-pink, salmon-smelts, samlets, par, scarlings, seals, smoults, gravelings, fingerlings, and small trout.

Some believe the samlets constitute a species of themselves, not growing larger than we see them here, where they attain the average length of four inches; others, that they are hybrids, the produce of the salmon with the sea-trout. or with the common trout; of which latter opinion was the late Sir Humphrey Davy: but a few believe them to be of the same species as their namesakes of the spring, that is, the salmon-fry. Sanctioned, however, as this opinion is, by a great chemist and philosopher, though no naturalist, such an opinion appears untenable; for it is to be observed, that both the sea-trout and salmon-trout are rarely to be met with in any of the rivers of North Wales, whereas in most of the salmon rivers in that part of the principality, the autumn-samlet will be found in abundance. Then, as to the common-trout, in many of the Welsh salmon rivers, it is rare to meet with one so large as two pounds in weight; the samlet is, therefore, not likely to be the offspring of two fish so different in size as the salmon and trout; and these little fish have not even the analogy of bearing that proportion in size to the originals, which such deviations from nature in the animal creation are invariably known to possess.

Thomas Jenkins, Esq., in a communication, says, "I have taken samlets at the foot of several considerable waterfalls of Wales, whereas, above those places, being beyond the ascending power of the salmon, great as it is known to be, small trout of the same size may be taken, but not *one* samlet; were the former a different species, inhabiting those rivers the whole year, I presume they would, like the trout, be found above as well as below the falls; and I will venture to assert, from my experience, that the autumn-samlet, called by whatever name it may, will be met with in *all* rivers frequented by salmon, and *in no others*; that they will be found as far up those rivers as the salmon go, and no farther, which is strong presumptive evidence of the one being the produce of the other."

Near the celebrated pass of Pont Aberglaslyn, in Carnarvonshire, the river becomes a roaring cataract during the course of half a mile, falling over ledges of rock, varying from one to four feet; and at the mill at Beddge-

* From an observant paper in the current number of "Charlesworth's Magazine of Natural History."

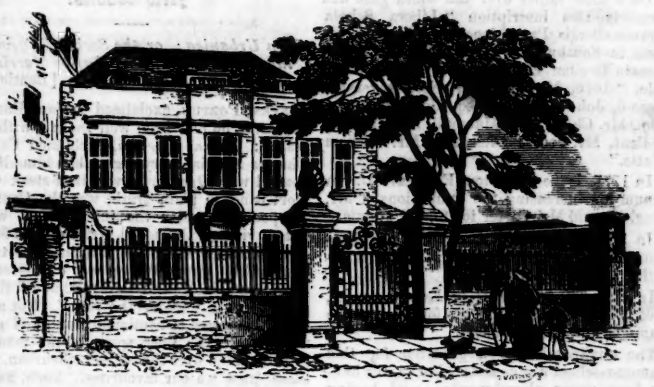
lert, a mile higher up the same river, is a weir of two or three feet, where a fish has been seen, nearly a pound weight, fail in its attempt to ascend. The ascent, therefore, is not likely to be accomplished by a fish weighing scarcely two ounces, independently of the cataracts mentioned below; yet samlets have been taken in the river, above the weir, in the lake of Llyn-y-Dinas; and in the same river, as far up the vale of Gwynant as the foot of Snowdon. They are also to be taken in the Ogwen, in the vale of Nant-Frangon, as far up that river as Mr. Pennant's slate quarries, which is as high as the salmon go, and no further, being there stopped by a fall of about sixteen feet; to go thus far, they have to ascend innumerable rocks and falls, such as could only be surmounted by the salmon or other large fish. Near Bangor Iscoed, on the Dee, is a weir of such a height, as to prevent all salmon under three or four pounds, from ascending; at Llangollen, below the bridge, is a weir of about six feet, and two miles above, is another weir, of about three feet, with several natural falls and rapids on the same river: yet samlets have been taken in September, some miles above the highest of these weirs, and also in the Alwen, a tributary of the Dee, near Corwen. That these little fish can surmount the difficulties here enumerated, must be considered impossible, and their existence can only be accounted for in those situations, by admitting them to be the young of the salmon.

With regard to the milt, or soft roe, contained in samlets in the autumn months, this appears to be the mere germs of spawn not come to maturity; and the same appearance is to be seen in small salmon of half-a-pound and upwards, at that season of the year. Indeed, the absence of the ova, or perfected spawn, at any time of the year, clearly shows that they are not come to their full growth. But what is to be relied upon more than anything else, is, that the anatomical structure will be found to correspond exactly with the salmon, and the salmon-fry. In addition to this, the bones of the samlet are soft and tender, unlike those of a fish come to maturity, as may be seen on examining the bones of any small fish of full growth, a minnow, for instance. It is true, that salmon generally spawn at one particular time of the year, namely, December and January; and it does, at first, seem rather strange, why the produce should appear at different times of the year;—but the trout furnishes us with a similar instance; this fish is known to spawn about the same time as the salmon, yet very small trout will be met with at all times of the year, without surprise to the angler: they have been seen less than minnows, in September, and also the same size in April, though it is clear that the young trout of September, and those of April, could not have been spawned at the same time. Another circumstance, is, that so late as December, with a fly, small salmon of half-a-pound each, have been taken, which, according to the rate they are known to increase in size, must have been samlets in the previous month, and about June must have been spawned; thus accounting for the samlet, or salmon-fry, so late as November.

SHELLEY'S PAPER BOATS.

SHELLEY was a devoted worshipper of the water-nymphs: for whenever he found a pool, or even a small puddle, he would linger near it, and it was no easy task to get him from it. He twisted a morsel of paper into a form that a lively fancy might consider a likeness of a boat, and, committing it to the water, he anxiously watched the fortunes of the frail bark, which, if it was not soon swamped by the faint winds and the miniature ocean, gradually imbibed water through its porous sides, and sank. Sometimes, however, the fairy vessel performed its little voyage, and reached the opposite shore of the puny ocean in safety. It is astonishing with what keen delight he engaged in this singular pursuit. It was not easy for an uninitiated spectator to bear with tolerable patience, the vast delay, on the brink of a wretched pond upon a bleak common, on returning to dinner from a long walk at sunset on a winter's day; nor was it easy to be so harsh as to interfere with a harmless satisfaction that was evidently exquisite. So long as his paper lasted, he remained rivetted to the spot, fascinated by his peculiar amusement: all waste-paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters, next letters of little value —the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully, many times, and often returned to the pocket, were sure to be sent, at last, in pursuit of his former squadron.

Conceive a tall youth of eighteen, perhaps in academical costume, gazing after his tiny regatta, with looks of the most intense preoccupation. Certainly an idiot does the same thing, and seems to derive the same species of pleasure from it—so does a child. The philosophy of the subject is thus expounded by a popular writer. "Too little attention has, I think, hitherto been given to the broad fact, that a child's mental existence is constituted almost entirely of the workings of the conceptive faculty. The human mind, in its first period, may be said to be *all ideality*: for it is exclusively so during the half of its time, or more, which is passed in sleep—chiefly so, when no vivid impressions are made upon the senses; and so, to a great extent when left to find its sparkling felicity among its toys and gimcracks. Let any one familiar with children, analyse a child's tranquil felicity while amusing itself for an hour or more, with nothing better than a crooked stick, or a handful of pebbles: * * * It is the *mind*, the rich, grasping, and excursive human mind —such even in infancy—that is at work on the poor materials of its felicity.



OLD FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL OF ST. SAVIOUR, SOUTHWARK.

This building, which stood on the south side of St. Saviour's Church-yard, was a handsome structure, with a very spacious school-room; having the master's seat, with sounding-board over. The exterior was a brick fabric, consisting of three casement windows on each side of a large doorway, ascended by three semicircular stone steps, with a handsome carved dome, representing two children supporting the Bible. The second story had seven lofty casement windows; the rooms panelled. The school was screened from the church-yard by an iron railing.

When Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, following the example of her brother, Edward VI., she considered the importance of diffusing knowledge among the people; to forward which, she not only re-founded the grammar-school of Westminster, but encouraged her subjects to such-like acts of benevolence.

The priory church of St. Mary Overy, Southwark, having been purchased by the inhabitants as a parish church, the desire of instilling useful knowledge among youth, induced Thomas Cure, the queen's sadler, and several other benevolent persons, to found the grammar-school we are now describing, for the instruction of thirty boys of the same parish; and for this purpose they obtained letters patent from Queen Elizabeth, in the fourth year of her reign. In these it is recited of the said grammar-school:—

That Thomas Cure, William Browker, Christopher Campbell, and other discreet and *more sad* inhabitants of St. Saviour's had, at their own great costs and pains, devised, erected, and set up a grammar-school, wherein the children of the poor, as well as the rich inhabitants, were freely brought up; that they had applied for a charter to establish a succession; she therefore wills that it shall be one grammar-school for Education of the Children of the Parishioners and Inhabitants of St. Saviour, to be called "*A Free Grammar-school of the Parishioners of St. Saviour in Southwark*;" to have one master, and one undermaster; six of the more discreet and *sad* inhabitants to be governors, by the name of "Governors of the Possessions and Revenues and Goods of the Free Grammar-school of the Parishioners of the Parish of St. Saviour, Southwark, in the county of Surrey, incorporate and erected;" and they are thereby incorporated, to have perpetual succession, with power to purchase lands, &c., and that on death or other causes, the remaining governors, and twelve others of the more discreet and godliest inhabitants, by the governors to be named, should elect a meet person or governor . . . . . having power, with advice of the Bishop of Winchester, or he absent, with advice of any good or learned man, to appoint a schoolmaster and usher from time to time, &c. . . . . and also power to purchase lands not exceeding 40*l.* a year.

All that the parishioners obtained by this patent of Queen Elizabeth's was, to be made a corporate body with succession; the queen gave them nothing to endow their school. It seems to have been some time before they proceeded any farther; for the patent of 1 Elizabeth granted a lease of the rectory for sixty years, in order that a school should be erected: but by the patent of 33. Elizabeth it appears that it had not been built till after 1585.

In 1674, Mrs. Newcomen gave 5*l.* a year to increase the salary of the undermaster. The salary of the master was increased by a donation of 500*l.* 3 per cents, from William Heberden, M. D. in 1776, of whom it is said that he received part of his education here.

In 1676, the school was burnt in the great fire which then happened, but it was soon rebuilt.

On a stone tablet over the south gate was formerly this inscription "Libera Schola Grammaticalis Parochianorum Sancti Salvatoris in Southwarke in Com: Surrie, Anno Quarto Reginæ Elizabethæ." On the north side, "1676, May 26, [illegible] school-governors these 6, John Appleby, Esq., John Freeman, Esq., Mr. Christopher Marshall, Mr. Jonadab Ballant, Mr. Josiah Nicholson, Mr. William Watts."

In 1777, Isaac Stapleton, Esq. gave 4*l.* per annum for increasing the exhibitions of Mr. Bingham and Mr. Carter to 20*l.* per annum.

In 1779, John Smith, A. M., one of the chaplains, increased the master's salary by a donation of 100*l.* 3 per cents.

In 1783, Thomas Calverley, Esq., treasurer, gave 200*l.* 3 per cents, for the joint use of the grammar and writing school.

The qualification of a governor for this grammar-school was considered to be, the having been upper churchwarden, and having served all other offices in the parish.

There are exhibitions in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge for scholars of the above school, particularly for two by the gift of John Bingham, Esq., formerly a governor.

The above building being in a very dilapidated state, the governors resolved on erecting a new school near St. Peter's Church, in Sumner-street, the ground being given for the purpose by Dr. C. R. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester: accordingly, the ancient grammar-school was ordered to be taken down; and Messrs. Closs and Son sold the whole of its building materials by auction, on Tuesday last. The site will be appropriated towards enlarging the Borough Market.

CLERICAL BRAVERY.

At the siege of Zaragoza, when matters had arrived at the greatest extremity, the war continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room; no man distinguished himself more than P. Santiago Sass, the curate of one of the parishes. He was always to be seen in the streets, sometimes fighting with the enemy, and at other times administering the sacrament to the dying, and confirming with the authority of faith, that hope which gives to death under such circumstances, the joy, the exultation, the triumph, and spirit of martyrdom. Palafox, the General, placed the utmost confidence in this brave priest, and selected him when anything peculiarly hazardous or difficult was to be done. At the head of forty chosen men, he succeeded in introducing a supply of powder into the town, so essentially necessary for its defence. At the end of the siege, he was made chaplain to the Commander-in-Chief, and received a captain's commission.

New Books.

Lyra Urbanica: or the Social Effusions of the celebrated Captain Charles Morris, late of the Life Guards. 2 vols. [Bentley.]

[Inveni Portum, exclaimed Trojan Æneas of old, after he had been well soaked with sea-water: *Inveni Portum*, exclaimed Captain Charles Morris, every night that himself was soaked with *Oporto*, at the Beef-steak Club. Port-wine, in plain truth, was the Captain's Hippocrene, under the influence of whose potent virtues, the social lyrics of this festive book were for the most part inspired to his muse. The party ditties, we, of course, eschew: as also all such, as if read at all, should be read only "under the rose." But as regards his songs of sentiment, soul, and goodness, where the finer spirit of the man has predominated over the coarser epicurean, from these draw we our favourites. Such, among others is the "Deserted Mansion," to which the poet returns, after friends, love, and laughter have all fled away, and left void and vacancy behind.]

* * * *

I can never forget while I'm mortal
The chill that I felt in my breast,
When I turn'd back to enter the portal
Where all was a blank and a waste.
I thought when, in sobs past suppressing,
I saw the last wheels roll away,
All oblivion of life would be blessing,
Compared to the shock of that day.

All empty and vacant, and hollow,
The rooms seem'd sepulchral to me:
My legs stalk'd in tremour to follow,
My eyes glared at nothing to see;
The sofas, the chairs, and the tables,
All deepen'd my memory's gloom:
The curtains seem'd darken'd to sables,
The pictures the shades of a tomb.

The gall'ries that rung with gay talking
When mirth's sprightly footsteps were there,
Seem'd cloisters for spectres to stalk in,
And whistled with desolate air:
No bell gave the sound of existence,
No feet lightly tripped on the stair;
No laugh either near or at distance,
Was heard in this dome of despair.

This leaden disconsolate sinking
No turn of my rhyme can convey;
'Twas suspense of all sense and all thinking,
And closed were my eyes on the day.
I sought a dark hole of seclusion,
There droop'd down my head in despair:
And till grief sent my eyes a suffusion,
No sight in the house could I bear.

I know there's a price for all pleasure,
A penance for hours of joy;
That Fate hangs his scale for this measure,
And time runs to give and destroy.
Things must be thus changed or inverted,
But, oh, may I never again
Be left in a palace deserted,
Where friendship and joy had their reign!

Another most attractive piece, written in a richly sportive strain, is that named, "The Catalogue:" and the hearts of the brave boys who called on the Captain for the song, must have fluttered with joy, as its sweet and gilded visions were recounted by the singer.

28.71-295.

The Catalogue.

O! that's what you mean, now—a bit of a song,
Why, faith, then, here goes, you sha'nt bother me long.
I require no teazing, no praying, or stuff,
By my soul, if you wish it, I'm ready enough.
To give you your *end* you shall have *a beginning*;
And troth, though the music be not very fine,
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going and season the wine.

Oh! I once was a lover, like some of you here,
And could feed a whole night on a sigh or a tear;
No sunshine I knew but from Kitty's black eye,
And the world was a desert when she wasn't by:
But the devil knows how I got fond of Miss Betty,
And Kitty slipped out of this bosom of mine—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season the wine.

Now Betty had eyes soft and blue as the sky,
And the lily was black when her bosom was by;
O, I found I was fixed, and for ever her own,
Sure I was,—soul and body were Betty's alone:
But a sudden red-shot from the golden-hair'd Lucy
Burnt Betty quite out with a flame more divine—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season the wine.

Now Lucy was stately, majestic, and tall,
And in feature and shape what a goddess you'd call;
I adored, and I vow'd if she'd not a kind eye,
I'd give up the whole world, and in banishment die:
But Nancy came by, a round, plump, little creature,
And fix'd in my heart quite another design—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season the wine.

Little Nance, like a Hebe, was buxom and gay,
Had a bloom like the rose, and was fresher than May;
O, I felt if she frown'd, I must die by a rope,
Or my bosom would burst if she slighted my hope:
But the slim, taper, elegant Fanny took'd at me,
And troth, I no longer for Nancy could pine—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season the wine.

Now Fanny's light frame was so slender and fine,
That she skimm'd in the air like a shadow divine;
Her motion bewitch'd, and to my loving eye
'Twas an angel soft gliding 'twixt earth and the sky:
'Twas all mighty well till I saw her fat sister,
And that gave a turn I can never define—
It's a bit of a thing that a body may sing,
Just to set us a-going, and season the wine.

O so I go on, ever constantly blest,
For I find I've a great store of love in my breast;
And it never grows less—for whenever I try
To get one in my heart, I get two *in my eye*.
To all sorts of beauty I bow with devotion,
And all kinds of liquor by turns I make mine;
So I'll finish the thing that another may sing,
Just to keep us a-going, and season the wine.

The Captain appears to have rusticated but little: his longings were not for the meek delights of the village or garden, but for the roaring glories of old London:—

In London I'd never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that:
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man.

* * * *

In town we've no use for the skies overhead,
And when the sun rises then we go to bed:
And as to that old-fashion'd virgin, the moon,
She shines out of season, like satin in June.

* * * *

I have heard, tho', that love in a cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet:
That's to come—for as yet I, alas! am a swain,
Who require, I own it, more links to my chain.

* * * *

Your magpies and stock-doves may flirt among trees,
And chatter their transports in groves if they please;
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,
And for groves—O a good grove of chimnies for me.

* * * *

In town let me live, then, in town let me die;
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I:
If one *must* have a villa in summer to dwell,
O give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall.

The merry wisdom of Captain Morris is highly pleasing; the fine old fellow, even when his voice quavered and his eyes were dim, still pleasantly sang of his own decay, as if he desired to clothe the nakedness of death in roses: here is a dying joke,—

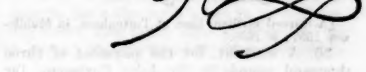
And while I hear praise that thus pleases,
My muse her gay toil will prolong;
When the day shall arrive that it ceases,
That day is the last of my song!
And fast the weak moment advances,
When fate's measur'd justice shall say,
"The night must now close on his fancies;
The merry old dog's had his day!"

So, in troth, have we—a right merry day, and a merry book has been the sole maker of it; heaven grant, too, that henceforward it may be our lot to tread the "primrose-path" of this world's pleasures, with companions half as good, or as honestly gay, as Captain Morris.

THE EXCHEQUER DOCUMENTS.

THE sale of the first part of the "Valuable and Interesting Collection of Historical and Public Documents, from the time of Henry the Eighth, to the commencement of the reign of George the Third, more particularly during the eventful periods of Charles the First, the Protectorate, Charles the Second, and William and Mary," took place on Saturday last, [April 11,] under the able direction of Mr. Leigh Sotheby, at his house, Wellington-street. The collection consisted of 171 lots, being a small portion of what are intended to be offered for sale. Among the many singularly-interesting papers may be mentioned:—

Lot 9. Three Documents: 1. An account due to Will. Davison, Esq., her Majesty's Agent in the Low Countries, for his posting charges to and from Brussels to Antwerpe.—2. "The charges of the dynner made for the Arch-Duke Mathias, and other noblemen of the Low Countries at Andwerpe, fiveth of Dec. (1578)," "by Will. Davison, Esq., her Majesty's Agent theare," *the latter imperfect.* All these Papers are signed by the Privy Council.—W. Burghley, *(Lord High Treasurer,)* *Fra. Walsingham, (Secretary of State,)* Wa. Mildmay, *with his autograph authority,* "*let this be paid,*" W. Davison, *(made Secretary of State after his return in* 1579*;)* and one more.



*** Secretary Davison had been employed by Queen Elizabeth, in 1575, to urge the Netherlanders to a peace. (*Kennet*, i., p. 454.) and with whom she made an offensive alliance against Philip II. Duke Mathias was Governor-General of the Low Countries, in 1578.

These National documents were well preserved, and become highly interesting to the historian, since neither Rapin or Smollet mention the fact of Davison's *second Embassy*, in 1577.

14. 1, a receipt for the loan of fifty pounds to her Majesty, 1594.—2, a request to repay £100. Privy Seal money, 1594; and four others, sold for 5*s*.

16. Sign Manual of Queen Elizabeth to an order relating to the army, imperfect, on parchment—8*s*.

17. Charge of Pilotage of three of her Majesty's ships into Chatham; signed *C. Howard*. —4*s*.

[First Earl of Nottingham; lord high admiral, 1583; b 1536; *d*. 1624.

20. A Warrant authorizing Lord Buckhurst and Sir John Fortescue, to pay two several sums of money; signed by Essex, (beheaded 1600); Nottingham, (*Lord High Admiral*) G. Hunsdon, (George Cary, *Lord Hunsdon, who had the guard of the Queen's person at the Spanish invasion*); T. Buckhurst, (*first Baron Buckhurst*); Ro. North, Fortescue; and W. Knollys, (*Baron Knolles*, 1603.)—15*s*.

27. An order for re-payment of monies for the levying and clothing of troops; dated Whitehall, 3rd. Nov. 1616; signed T. Suffolk; Lenox; G. Cant, (*George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury*;) W. Knollys, (*Viscount Wallingford*); L. Elie, *Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Ely*); John Digby, (*Baron Digby, of Sherborne*); Thomas Lake; Fulke Greville; Sir Ralph Winwood; and Sir Julius Cæsar.—3*l*. 15*s*. 0*d*.

[A learned civilian, born at Tottenham, in Middlesex. 1557; *d*. 1636.]

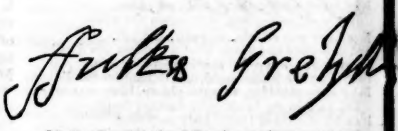
30. A warrant, for the payment of three thousand pounds to Sir John Fortescue, for things necessarie for the Coronation of James I., dated Whitehall, first of March, 1603.—2*l*. 6*s*.

42. The issue of 1000*l*., for the purchase of lands for enlarging Theobald's Park; and four other Orders.—2*l*. 2*s*.

44. An autograph letter of Henry Cobham to the Earl of Suffolk, requesting his monthly allowance of 32*l*.; dated from the Tower, Feb. 20, 1616.—11*s*.

[Lord Cobham was attainted for a conspiracy against James the First.]

46. Three. An order of payment to Mr. Ab. Williams, agent for the Prince Palatine, in part of a pension granted to the Lady Elizabeth, 1610; signed F. Verulam, Canc., *Fulke Greville*, and Julius Cæsar. And two others. —1*l*. 7*s*.

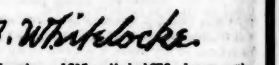


[Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, eminent statesman, historian, and dramatic writer; born 1554; assassinated by one of his servants, 1628.]

48. The Charges for the Entertainment of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, (the painter,) and one other.—1*l*. 16*s*.

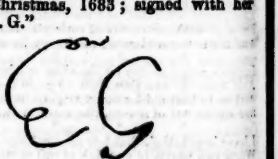
54. An order to Sir Will. Vardall, to pay the wages of Henry Poskin, Groome in ordinary, "to attend the chamber of our decrest consort Queen Marye," [1627-8] with the sign manual of Charles I.—1*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

65. An ordinance for the payment of Capt. Litcott, 1656, signed B. Whitelock; and three others.

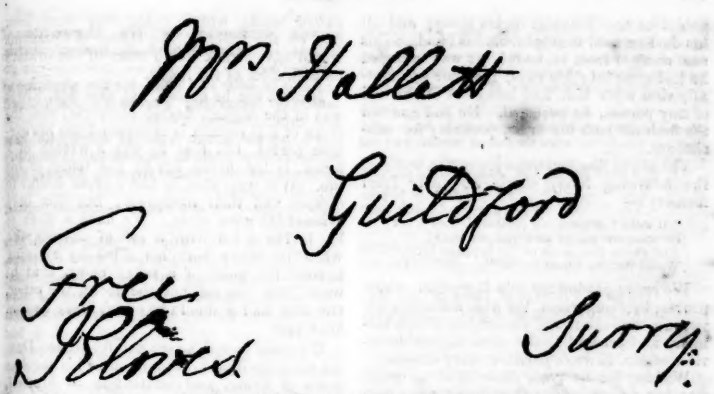


[Born in London, 1605; died 1676; he was the author of "Memorials of the English Affairs."]

112. One. A receipt on the Exchequer, dated June 12, 1684, (by virtue of the Privy Seal) by Elionor Gwynn, to receive the sum of 500*l*., "for and towards the support of herself and Charles Earle of Burford, (Duke of St Alban's) and is for one quarter of a yeare, ended at Christmas, 1683; signed with her initials "E. G."



[This celebrated female, "who possessed every virtue but that of chastity," and had the peculiar merit of turning the stream of fortune from poverty and vice to rank and character, was born in Pipe-lane, Hereford; and died in Pall Mall, Westminster, 1687. There is not an instance of her having signed her name at full length: she never gave more than the initials.]



[*From a rare Frank, in the Collection of Mr. I. H. Burn.*]

VINDICATION OF THE LIFE OF JOHN ELWES, ESQ.,

ERRONEOUSLY CALLED "THE MISER."

[*Concluded from page* 251.]

On Mr. Elwes being elected member for Berkshire, he left Suffolk, and went again to his seat at Marcham, carrying with him his fox-hounds; but conscientiously feeling his time must be devoted to the interests of his constituents, he resolved to relinquish his most favourite pastime—and to part with the hounds, which he *gave* to some farmers in the neighbourhood. What a wretched *miser!* To give away, what half the sportsmen in England would have sent to Tattersall's, for sale, instead of presenting them, as a proof of friendship, to his tenants! Even this insignificant incident, clearly belies what has been asserted of him, that he never did one liberal action in his life.

Mr. Elwes was sixty years of age when he forsook the pleasures of the chase; and as he was forty when he commenced his hunting establishment, he must have kept his hunters, hounds, and all the other concomitants, and borne the necessary heavy expenses for twenty years! O unmatchable *miser!* How unlike the conduct of such miserable wretches, as *Daniel Dancer*, of Harrow Wield Common, who, among his many atrocities, lived for weeks on a carrion sheep he stole off the common, and who took his faithful dog Bob to a farrier's shop, and had all his teeth filed down, for fear of expenses, on account of his having worried a neighbouring farmer's sheep. Or like *John Little*, of Kentish town, who, having been advised by his doctor to take some nourishment, while in the agonies of death, was carried to his wine-cellar, for fear his servant girl would steal the wine; he went, poor wretch, and, by being removed from a warm to a dark humid cellar, was seized with a shivering fit, which terminated in an apoplexy, and occasioned his death. He discarded his brother, the only relation he had, for not continuing, like himself, in a state of celibacy. He died, worth upwards of 50,000*l.*, to which the brother became entitled. We will now make mention of another worthy, to form the glorious trio, a man of the name of *Dandon*, a master of languages at Berlin, who starved himself to death. He had no other heir than his brother, whom he refused to see for thirty-seven years, because he sent a letter without paying the postage. He died August 1812; 20,000 crowns in specie were found hid under the floor of his apartment. Dandon was as absurd in his conduct as an old crotchety gentleman, who, because his brother helped him to a potatoe with his fork, left the whole of his property to an hospital in the borough of Southwark.

Unfortunately the list of such-like avaricious beings would fill a volume, we therefore conclude by the mention of the wretched end of the once-celebrated Mons. *Foscue*, a farmer-general of the Province of Languedoc, 1762; he, having amassed considerable wealth, was ordered by government to raise a considerable sum; upon which, as an excuse for not complying with this demand, he pleaded extreme poverty; but fearing his house would be searched, he resolved on hiding his treasure; and, accordingly, dug a kind of cave in his cellar, which he made so large and deep that he used to go down into it with a ladder; at the entrance was a door with a spring-lock; which, on shutting, would fasten of itself. A short time after, Mons. Foscue was missing; every search was made for him, but all in vain; his house was sold, and the workmen of the purchaser, in making some repairs, discovered a door in the cellar with a key in it; and, on going down, they found Mons. Foscue dead on the ground, starved to death! stretched on his

gold, like the Trappist on his ashes; and all his darling gold escaped from his hands, as his soul escaped from his body! It was supposed he had gone into his cave, the door accidentally shut after him, and being out of the call of any person, he perished. He had gnawed the flesh off both his arms, probably for subsistence.

The above few incidents prove the truth of the following lines, which we quote from memory:—

> "If wealth increase our pleasures, does it not
> Increase our wishes also, and our cares?
> And surely that must be the happiest lot
> Which has the fewest wants."

We crave pardon for this digression, which proves, by comparison, the wide difference between a real miser and the subject of this memoir, and proceed to the more agreeable review of Mr. Elwes's parliamentary conduct.

Wishing for no post, desirous of no rank, wanting no emolument, and being most perfectly conscientious, Mr. Elwes stood aloof from all temptations which were strewed in his way, to make him swerve from the paths of honour. Lord North, in the hopes of securing his valuable services (for no member was more highly prized by all parties) offered him a peerage; but, unfortunately, as neither of his sons could have enjoyed the dignity, he declined it. He warmly supported the measures of Lord North, although no man's interest was more materially affected by them, in the value of his vast property in houses which took place. [So much for his *avaricious propensities!*] At last he joined the party of Mr. Fox, in the famous coalition; by which he incurred the displeasure of some of his constituents. A general election taking place, and Mr. E. seeking to retire from public life, declined again standing for Berkshire, after having represented that county in three parliaments. During the whole of his legislative career, even Captain Topham acknowledges, "that a more faithful, a more industrious, or more incorruptible representative of a county, never entered the doors of the House of Commons;" and again, "He never asked or received a single favour, and I believe *he never gave a vote but he would solemnly have laid his hand upon his breast, and said—'So help me God! I believe I am doing what is for the best.'*" And this is the conscientious honest John Elwes, Esq., whose memory has been libelled, by being paralleled with a host of miserable, wicked, callous-hearted misers! Shame upon the world! Would to heaven, for the weal of poor, distracted England, we had an hundred or two of such brilliant patriots as John Elwes in our present House of Commons! But we must hold our pen, and write no more on this subject, feeling we are treading on troubled ground.

During the period Mr. Elwes was in parliament, his liberal purse was open to very many of the members; for "there existed, after his death, a pile of bad debts and *uncalled* bonds, which, could they have been laid on the table of the House of Commons would have struck dumb some of the orators on both sides of the house."

It must not be denied, but that Mr. Elwes was in the highest degree eccentric, and the truth of this remark is apparent from his earliest period, but that he was a wretch of a miser, is not borne out by the tenor of his life. It is true, also, he had a great dislike to doctors and their medicines; but this only evinced his good sense. We have a story of his laying a bet with a son of Æsculapius, when he broke both his shins by running against the poles of a sedan chair, that he would take one leg, and the doctor the other, and that his leg should be cured first; he won his wager.

We come now to a very painful scene. During an acute illness, brought on by his careless mode of living, and inattention to himself, Dr. Wall was called in, and thus he addressed one of the sons of Mr. Elwes: "Sir, your father might have lived these twenty years; but the irritations of his temper, have made it impossible to hope for anything; the body is yet strong; but THE MIND IS GONE ENTIRELY!" Doubtless it was under the reflection of his increasing infirmities, of the ingratitude of the many he had assisted, and being satiated with the pomps and vanities of the world, that his once active mind gave way, and thus, in the decline of life, became bereft of reason; with this fact before us, need it create any surprise he should have behaved so inconsistently as to shun society; taking refuge in uninhabited houses, and flying from the care and protection of his sons, who were ever anxious to guard over him with dutiful affection! Besides, view this unfortunate gentleman! he was without the assistance and the watchful, untiring love of a virtuous wife—devoid of whom, life, in a great measure, becomes burdensome—bereft of the greatest boon GOD bestows on man!

> "Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made you
> To temper man: we had been brutes without you.
> Angels are painted fair to look like you;
> There's in you all that we believe of heav'n:
> Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
> Eternal joy, and everlasting love!"

Had Mr. Elwes been blessed with such a devoted partner, as Dr. Cormack, in his "History of the Cholera in Belfast," gives us in the following heart-rending account—how different would have been the latter years of Mr. Elwes's life. We quote the doctor's narrative, not because we suppose it is an isolated case; for, on the contrary, we know such unbounded affection is of hourly occurrence in the marriage state:—

> "The treasures of the deep are not so precious
> As the concealed comforts of a man
> Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
> Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
> What a delicious breath marriage sends forth,
> The violet bed's not sweeter."

Dr. C.'s account is nervously told in the following words:—"There was an old man, a military pensioner, brought into the hospital on one occasion; he was very ill, and his wife came daily to see him. At length, she entreated to stay by him and watch him constantly: she would be a nurse to him, she said, and knew his ways better than any one else could; she evinced so much distress when first refused, that she was finally permitted to do as she pleased. The attention of this faithful creature never relaxed; except during the brief moments that she slept, she tended her sick husband as if he had been a child. 'We have now been fifty years together,' she said, 'and if I lost him I would not wish to live.' It was useless to warn her, and force would have been cruel, perhaps fatal, had it been justifiable. At length she fell sick of cholera, as he was getting better, and the poor old man's distress and sorrow were extreme; yet, during her own illness, she never ceased to speak and think of him, and regret that she could not be about him; she felt no concern for her own sufferings. After a little time she died, but with his name on her lips."

"And such is woman's love! whose magic power
Can change the gloomiest to the brightest hour,
Can smooth the deep lines care has learnt to plow,
And chase the cloud of anguish from the brow.
It drops not, parts not with the parting breath,
But smiles a proud defiance unto death."

It was decreed by providence that Mr. Elwes was not to be so supremely blessed; for, alas! with all his immense wealth, he did not possess that great gift which thousands of others, surrounded by poverty, pre-eminently enjoy. What an important moral may be drawn from the lives of men! showing how wisely and beneficently the Creator dispenses his ordinations. If he deprives one of what is generally supposed a divine favour, he compensates it by the attainment of another—so that all mankind may feel his parental care.

Whether the attainment of money is to be considered as a blessing, is a question very problematical. The pinching wants of poverty are doubtless dreadful; but the gnawing cares which immense wealth bring in her train, are equally to be dreaded. To show the folly of hoarding riches, Constantine the Great, in order to reclaim a miser, took a lance, and marked out a space of ground the size of the human body, and told him, "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have."

But to return to our Narrative.

The first symptom of Mr. Elwes's immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. One morning, while staying at the house of Mr. Partis, a friend residing in Berkshire, he walked into that gentleman's bedroom, who being somewhat alarmed, naturally asked "Who is there?" when Mr. Elwes replied, with great civility, "Sir, my name is Elwes—I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed, in this house, of all the money I have in the world—of five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown." Mr. E. was found a few days after, in a corner behind a window-shutter. For some weeks previous to his death, he had fallen into a custom of going to bed in his clothes. He was one morning found fast asleep betwixt the sheets, with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat upon his head. It is painful to recite such melancholy, though convincing, proofs of insanity.

On the 18th of November, 1789, he discovered signs of total weakness, his appetite was gone, and his last coherent words were kindly addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping, "he had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired without a groam, with the ease with which an infant goes to sleep on the breast of its mother!

We find Mr. Elwes died worth about 500,000*l.*, by which it is evident, that with all the charges brought against him of his penurious habits, he did not add, in the course of his long life, anything to his fortune, for he was possessed of that amount on the death of his uncle. He lived like an honest, prudent man, on the interest of his capital; and because he did not bequeath immense sums to persons who expected such good fortune at his death, his memory was maligned in the most cruel manner—being branded as an unfeeling wretch. Again, we fearlessly assert, Mr. Elwes was a man of the nicest honour—too susceptible to the feelings of want in others, by which he was duped of thousands of pounds—too much given, in the prime of life to high company and deep playing—and liberal to a fault—BUT HE WAS NOT A MISER.*

Even Capt. Topham concludes his Memoir in the following words:—"his public conduct lives after him, *pure* and *without a stain*. In private life, he was chiefly an enemy to himself. To others he *lent much*—to himself he denied everything. *But in the pursuit of his property, or in the recovery of it, I have not in my remembrance one unkind thing that ever was done by him.*"—the English of which is, *he never did an action he was ashamed to avow; and that he died, like the Chevalier Bayard, "sans peur, et sans reproche."*

X.

* Mr. Elwes was totally devoid of that grand lever of a miser's actions, the alpha and omega of his thoughts—the hiding of his wealth; like the magpie, who hides his gold which he cannot make use of. We have not an instance of a miser failing to secrete his property—it forms the principal enjoyment of his wretched existence; and this habit arises from his inherent suspicion of mankind; Mr. Elwes was too conscientious to mistrust any one—the whole tenor of his life proves the truth of the assertion.

The Gatherer.

Your unregenerate Greek was a glorious animal:—but he was all pulses—body and soul. His religion, his poetry, his philosophy, his eloquence, in their noblest forms, were universally varieties of one principle—THE WORSHIP OF THE BEAUTIFUL. It was reserved for a higher system—that to which the Greek was foolishness—to teach a grander theory—THE WORSHIP OF THE GOOD.—*Alcibiades the Young Man.*

Talk of fast running, I knew a man who ran so fast round a corner that he caught sight of his own back.—*Missouri Gazette.*

Tears of the Hero of Austerlitz.—Who forgets the anecdote of Napoleon, and the village bells of Brientz?—He was riding late one day over a battle-field, gazing stern and unmoved on the dying and the dead that strewed the ground by thousands about him, when suddenly "those evening bells" struck up a merry peal. The Emperor paused to listen; his heart was softened; memory was busy with the past; he was no longer the conqueror of Austerlitz, but the innocent, happy school-boy at Brientz; and dismounting from his horse, he seated himself on the stump of an old tree, and to the astonishment of Rapp, who relates the circumstance, burst into tears.—The rock was smitten, and the living waters came gushing from it.

Overburthenment of the Memory.—"Remember," says old Fuller, "that even Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory is like a purse, if it be over full that it cannot shut, all will drop out.

Solomon is the great wonder-worker of Palestine; the builder of everything for which there can be found no other builder. His genii retain all their ancient architectural reputation, and works of their hands may be found scattered up and down the whole country, from Baalbek to Hebron. Great names soon melt into a great one; and Solomon, like Hercules, is only a general designation for perhaps a whole host of heroes and demigods, who either have lost or wanted their poet and appraiser.—*Bethlehem and the Bedouins.*

Moore, the Poet.—George the Fourth, it is said, in a fit of playfulness, once threatened to put him into a *wine-cooler.*

William Hutton divided a blank book into 365 columns, and resolved, as an experiment, to recollect, if possible, an anecdote of his past life, to fill up each division. He was astonished at his success, and soon filled up the 365 with his reminiscences.

The celebrated Beau Brummell died at Caen, in Normandy, on the 30th ult., at the age of 62. He had been long in distressed circumstances, living on the charity of friends, and latterly had been confined in a madhouse.

New Steam-Vessel.—Experiments are in the course of being tried with the model of an entirely new form of steam-vessel, and, as far as they have yet gone, with every prospect of a successful result. At present we can only state of this remarkable invention, that there are no paddle-wheels, nor external works of any kind. The whole machinery is in the hold of the vessel, where a horizontal wheel is moved by the power of steam, and, acting upon a current of water, admitted by the bow and thrown off at the stern, propels the mass at a rapid rate. By a very simple contrivance of stop-cocks, &c., on the apparatus, the steamer can be turned on either course, retarded, stopped, or have her motion reversed. This will be literally a revolution in the art of steam navigation.—*Hampshire Advertiser.*

The Pirarucu, or *Sudis gigas*, a fresh-water fish of twelve feet in length, is commonly taken with harpoons; its scales are of a beautiful crimson colour, whence its name of Pirarucu, or red fish.

Vandael, the eminent flower-painter, died on the 20th March, 1840, in Paris, aged 76.

An Iron Ship.—Amidst the gigantic strides of science, may be mentioned the astonishing fact of "The John Garrow," an iron vessel of 800 tons, having arrived in the river Tyne, where she excited much curiosity; part of her standing rigging is made of wire, and except her top and decks she is exclusively made of iron. Captain Wilson ordered that parties visiting her should pay one shilling each, to be given to the Shipwreck Society. She is named after the principal in the firm in Liverpool, who are her owners. It is understood she sailed well during her passage from Aberdeen, and every day comes up to the most sanguine expectation that was formed of her capabilities.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

Voltaire defines friendship, "a tacit contract between two sensible and virtuous persons."

Royal Command of a Play.—It appears, from the council-books of Queen Elizabeth, that the remuneration for a single representation at Whitehall, was 10*l.*, of which twenty nobles, or 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* formed the customary fee; and 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* the free gift, or bounty. If, however, the performers were required to leave the capital for any of the Royal Palaces in the neighbourhood, the fee, in consequence of the public exhibition of the day being prevented, was 20*l.*

George IV. gave 17*l.* to the theatres, on each visit; William IV. gave twenty guineas; and, we believe, her present Majesty the same sum.

Mr. Purcell's Monument in Westminster Abbey.—He is gone to that place where only his own harmony can be exceeded.

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